



Daily Dose of Pennywise by crystalpistolofficial

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Summary: A series of oneshots and imagines.

1. Chapter 1

***Imagine:** a mysterious stranger at the carnival notices you trying to win an oversized stuffed bear and after about five losses, wins it for you.*

"I'm Y/N, by the way." You smiled and gestured towards your prize that currently sat proudly on it's winner's shoulders. The two of you walked together in silence, taking in the scenery. "I've lived here forever, how come I've never seen you before?"

The man side-eyed you and licked his lips thoughtlessly, a habit you were beginning to find alluring. "What made you want the bear so much?"

You felt a sting of rejection but continued regardless, "I had one just like it when I was a kid." A blush crept across your face at the confession, "Do you like stuffed animals, Y/N?"

An odd question from an odd guy. His tone shifted at that question and suddenly you weren't so attracted to him anymore. Every single thing he did seemed to make you less and less comfortable. You were beginning to regret this decision.

Play along with him and it'll be fine, you thought. "I really do." He seemed to like your response, fingers dipping into the fabric of your fuzzy companion. "You never told me your name."

Another silence fell on you and you were about ready to rip that bear off him and storm off, when he finally replied. "Robert."

Taken aback, you stopped in your tracks, only to smile and pick up the pace. "Robert. I like that."

Soon, the two of you were at the outskirts of the carnival, you leaned against an old, worn down fence and admired the lights from a distance. The way they swayed left to right, left to right, left to.. right..

You swayed too - right into Robert, and if not for how disoriented you were, you'd have been embarrassed. One hand caressed your

back gently and it chilled you to the bone. He was ice cold. Freezing.

"Call me Bobby."

You looked at him just in time to see his pretty face break apart and reveal a similar set of carnival lights deep, deep down in the back of his monstrous throat.

Then there was nothing.

2. Sewers

It took three days for you to wake and when you did, you wish you hadn't. Thin, curved, concrete walls were your only guide in the narrow tunnel. You couldn't see a single thing as there was no light, but you could definitely still smell - the air was sticky, warm and foul in a way that made your lungs try to repel every inhalation.

Fear loomed behind you like a shadow but you were too disorientated to acknowledge it at the time, focusing entirely on not falling face first into what you were beginning to suspect was grey water.

"This is so wrong." You muttered, instantly regretting the choice when the sound travelled at a speed that terrified you down the tunnel and around a corner hiding in the dark.

You froze and stood there for minutes, waiting for the echo of your voice to settle before finally willing yourself to move again. That same looming fear was breathing down your neck, parting your damp hair.

Literally.

You froze again when you actually felt it, the ice-cold air travel down your scalp and neck from somewhere so specific right above your head. Tears welled in your eyes and you began to tremble as a massive, gloved hand caressed your shoulder - it willed you without process to whip around and face whoever or whatever was in the dark with you.

The astonishment you felt when Bobby held a lighter close to your face, his own being bathed in the light. "Oh my god!" You whimpered, throwing your arms around the man without even thinking, temporarily overwhelmed just by seeing a familiar face,

Until the fog clouding your memory of the night at the carnival slowly started to drift away and you could recall it clearly, see it for what it was. By the time the dread settled in you, Robert had already wrapped his long arms around you, pulling you tight against his tall

self.

You began to struggle and it only intensified when you were plunged back into black again and were rendered blind and immobile. "Please - "

"*Please* don't hurt me, oh *please* let me go." The man mocked and your stomach tightened with fright, his voice twisting and changing in the same way his face had when he attacked you.

Your eyes clenched shut and you braced for death when you felt that cold breath on your face, the smell of rot assaulting your senses and leaving you speechless. Your brain refused to actually process what was happening as real and as a result, you were left hanging like a limp noodle with this fucking *thing* ran it's vile tongue across your jaw, slithering like a wormup to your ear where it settled, dancing playfully.

"Please. I don't deserve this!" You begged, your full weight being supported by Robert's antagonistic hold. "You *do* deserve this, Y/N."

You stilled, hair raising and skin bumping in terror. You could only mutter one question while the man pulled back, arms releasing you like an anaconda uninterested in it's current prey.

"*But why?*"

Silence, until a completely separate voice answered, making your mind flare up in absolute horror and forcing you to turn and *run*.

"The smell, *your* smell. I need to know what you *taste* like."